

Acima Das Estrelas (2/2)

by Spooky Jr

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Acima Das Estralas

>Part 2
by Spooky Jr.

>
Disclaimer and all info in part 1.

>

>
"Hello?" A young voice called out into the quiet
>space, echoing off the walls.

>It was a person. A child by the sounds of it, Scully noted.

>"Hi," Scully called back, "where are you?"

>"Right here in front of you. It's too dark
to see anything."

>
"Ok," Scully replied, "I want you to reach out
>you hand and I'll reach out mine and we'll grab hands."

>"Ok," came the young girls' reply.

>Scully reached out left hand, waving it
around slightly in the
air. A another
hand came into contact with hers. The small hand
was quite warm
to the touch.

>
"Ok, I got you. Do you know any openings
>where we can get out of the plane?"

>"Yeah, I think I think I saw over this way,"
the girl replied,
tugging on Scully's hand
in silent order to follow.

>Scully followed quietly behind her,
hoping the young girls'
predictions were correct.

>
A cold draft of air suddenly hit them hard and
>with full force. "Here it is," she girl pointed
out happily.

>
They walk together, hand in hand as they made
>their way out of the plane and into the blizzard like
conditions.

>

>"Here!" Scully called out against the shrieking
sounds of the

wind. Out stretching her hand,
>she offered the young girl the other blanket to wrap
around herself.

>
The girl reached out taking the offered blanket,
>wrapping it tightly around her shoulders.

>They began their journey up the hill, fighting
against the wind and rapidly falling snow.

>
Not much light illuminated in the outside world,
>making it nearly impossible to see much. Scully
remembered she had brought a flashlight and had it packed in her bag. She wanted to keep from using as long as possible for fear it would be needed later on.

>
Being careful as to not trip over tree stumps,
>they had to walk extra slow. Every painstaking second
passed making Scully more anxious than ever to get back to Mulder.

>Finally the small clearing where she had settled Mulder
came into view.

>
"How ya doing Mulder?" Scully asked, setting her findings down.

>"Hanging in there. Hi," Mulder replied,
extending his hand out to the young girl.

>
"Hi," the young girl replied, shaking Mulder's offered hand.

>"I didn't even catch your name," Scully said.

>"Oh my name is Sarah Blake," the young girl replied,
smiling sweetly.

>
"Sarah, that's a pretty name. My name is Fox Mulder."

>
"That's a funny first name," the young girl giggled. "What's your name?" Sarah asked, turning to Scully.

>"Oh, I'm sorry I forgot to introduce myself. My name
is Dana Scully. Mr. Mulder and I are FBI Agents."

>
"Wow! Really?? Neat!" Sarah squealed, "I've never met an FBI agent before!" Scully couldn't help but smile at the
young girls' excited tone.

>
"Mulder," Scully started, directing her attention back to him, "I found two blankets and my
duffel bag. These trees should provide some shelter from the wind, but we're going to have to make do with these
two blankets and hope they can keep us warm until rescue gets here."

>Mulder nodded, leaning his head back up against
the tree.

>
"Headache?" Scully intoned.

>
"Major," slowly closing his eyes, he lifted his hand up to his head, messaging his aching temples with the
tips of his fingers.

>
He looked up, his eyes opening only to meet Scully's worried gaze and unvoiced concern.

>"It's ok," he stated, "I'll live. Really."

>"You better," she joked, running her fingers gently
through his hair.

>
"I have an extra tee-shirt in my bag and once I set your arm,

>I'm going to tie the shirt around it."

>Scully got up and walked a few feet, picking up
a stick that would have to make do as a temporary- splint.

>
She reached down pulling from her bag the white tee-shirt

>and ripped it in half.
>"Ok Mulder, I'm going to do this as quick a possible."
>She gently grabbed his arm, holding it lightly.
>She raised her head, looking him straight into his eyes,
"ready?"
He nodded wordlessly.
>
She silently counted to three in her head.
>
One.
>
Two.
>
Three.
>
In one swift movement she quickly pulled his
arm quickly into a straight forward position, hearing
a
gut-wrenching pop as it went back into alignment.
>
She looked up just in time to see the color
in Mulder's face drain and a pasty white take its place.

>"Mulder! Whoa, hey it's ok. Put your head down."
>Gently she placed her hands to the back of his neck
guiding his
head into a downward position.
>
After a few moments his ragged breathing began
to turn back to normal, his color changing back into
a healthier
shade.
>
She removed her hands from his neck, letting him bring his
head upright. She never lost contact with his body,
keeping her
hand on his back and rubbing gently
in a circular motion.
>"You ok?"
>"Yeah. Damn Scully that hurt!"
>For a brief moment she lowered her head and he
knew instantly
those were the wrong choice of words.
>
"Scully I--,"
>
With a slight wave her hand, she cut off his apology, "No,
>it's ok Mulder. I'm so sorry I had to do that but it had to
be
done or else permanent damage could have resulted in that arm."
>
Off his nod, she began to apply the stick to his injured
arm, being tender in her ministrations as to not cause
him
anymore pain. First she wrapped one part of the torn shirt
around his arm, tying it tightly.
>Next she took the other part of the shirt and wrapped it
around
his arm, about five inches above the first strip of cloth.
>She tied the knot tight like the other, but not as tight
to where
it would cut off any flow of blood.
>
"Ok done," she stated, patting his good arm. "Try not to move
it too much. That splint will have to make do until I can get
you
to a hospital."
>
Checking his arm over once more, Scully rose and went to unfold
both of the blankets. When done, she went over and sat close to

Mulder. "Sarah I'm going to settle you right here between me and
Agent Mulder."
>Sarah nodded and crawled her way over there, snuggling
tightly
in-between the two agents.
>
Scully pulled on one of the blankets, trying
to fit it over all three of them. Grabbing the
other blanket, she

pulled it over the first one
>and snuggled down under the pile.
>She hoped that the combination of the surrounding
trees, their few layers of protective clothing and the
>two blankets were enough to keep them warm until help arrived.

>"Everyone comfortable?" She asked, turning first towards
Sarah and then to Mulder. Both gave answering nods.
>
All fell into a momentary silence, each lost
>in their own thoughts.
>The rustling of fallen leaves filled chilly night air.
The sound having an almost soothing effect on their minds.
>
Breaking the quiet, Scully decided to try and
>strike up conversation.
>"Were your parents on the plane Sarah?" Mentally kicking herself,
she regretted the words the moment they left her mouth.

>'Nice conversation starter Dana.'
>"My mom was," Sarah began to explain, "but my Dad
had to stay home for business reasons."
>
"We were going to spend the weekend at my aunt's house," Sarah continued on, "we were going to go
shopping and out to eat. I turn 15 tomorrow and
>it was going to be my birthday present."
>Tears suddenly sprung to the young girls'
eyes, as realization hit her. "My mom's dead isn't she?" It
>was more of a statement than a question.
>Scully nodded, suddenly at a loss for words. Mulder
obviously wasn't as he began to speak.
>
"What's your parents names?"
>
"My Dad's name is James and my Mom's was Claire," she replied.

>
"Are y'all out here on a case?" Sarah questioned, clearly
>wanting to steer away from current subject.
>"Yes," Scully started, "we were on a case,
headed to a place near Denver." Scully silently
>kept out the mentioning of details about the case
and hoped Sarah would not press for information.
>
Luckily she didn't, and dropped the issue.
>She snuggled up deeper into the blankets
as a harsh gust of wind whipped through the small space.
>
Hours passed, small talk ensued momentarily every
>so often, only to die off into the distance
and silence once again take its place.
>
The storm had arrived and was now in
>full, mind-numbing effect. The cold making
temperatures plummet even further, if that was at
>all possible.
>Snow falling continuously, blanketing the ground
in feet of powdered snow. The winds' howling
>long ago turning into a deafening roar.
>Mulder, Scully and Sarah now lay huddled,
under two blankets that long ago lost its heated
>touch. Drawing body heat from each other was the
only thing still keeping them from drifting into
>the sure bliss of hypothermic death.
>Their skin like ice, the cold nearly
burning into them, tingling all the way to
>the bone. The shivering becoming so intense their bodies
shook

with violent force.

>
Looking out straight ahead, a sheet of gray
>painted itself across the sky, making it
the only image for the
eye to see.

>
At one point Mulder had managed to fall into
>a light slumber, sleeping silently. Every so
often Scully would
reach over, probing his neck
>with her fingertips. Just to assure herself
that he was still
alright. That his pulse was still
>strong. Still there.

>Turning her gaze over to Sarah, the young girl looked
up and
locked eyes Scully, smiling serenely, peacefulness
>in her features. Scully, shaking from the cold, couldn't
help
but wonder if this was going to be their final resting
>place.

>"You cold Sarah?" Scully asked. Dumb question, she thought,
but
too late to go back now.

>
"No, not really." Hmmm...not exactly the answer she was

>expecting.

>"Hold on," Sarah started, "let me squeeze in a little
closer,
maybe I can provide a little more warmth." She began to
shift

>more towards Scully, pushing even tighter against her.

>A sudden burst of warmth surged through
Scully, almost as if a
heater inside her body

>had been turned on. Scully reached over, tapping
Mulder lightly
on the shoulder in effort to wake him.

>
He mumbled incoherently for a few moments, before
>dragging his eyelids open slowly. "Mmmmm..what?"

>"Mulder, see if you can slide over more against
Sarah. I want to
try and keep as warm as possible."

>
As much as his aching body permitted, Mulder slowly but

>surely slid up more against Sarah. The same burst of warmth

surging through him, warming him immensely.

>
His throat, dry and parched, screamed out for
the sweet sensation of water. Not having any
for almost 12 hours
was beginning to make his

>body protest.

>A light bulb suddenly went off in his head.
A burst of excitement
shot through

>him as he remembered Scully had brought
a bottle of water and had
it stored

>in her duffel bag. Now if she still
only had some left...

>
"Hey Scully," 'god was that my voice, I sound so
weak,' "do you still have any of that bottled water
left? I'm so
thirsty."

>
Scully seemed almost shocked for a second, as if she had

>actually forgotten herself that it was in there.

>"Oh my gosh, Mulder! I totally forgot about that!
Yeah I still
have it, hang on let me get it."

>
Scully began to sift through her bag, pulling
out the flashlight and flicking it on.
She flashed the beam of
light into her bag,

>pushing items aside until finally discovering the bottle
of
water. A smile graced her lips as her shaking hands
>uncapped the 20oz bottle of heavenly liquid. She took
a sip,

passing it to Sarah whom politely turned it down
>and passed it on to Mulder.

>Setting the round top to his parched lips, he
tilted the bottle,
the blessed liquid filling his mouth
>and coating his throat with the sweet substance. After a few

large gulps, he re-capped the bottle and sighed, leaning his head

>back up against the tree. He silently passed the
bottle back to
Sarah without a word. From there she handed
>the bottle back to Scully who set it back into her bag.

>"Wouldn't happened to have any aspirin in that bag
would you
Scully?" He asked, a hopeful looking crossing
>his features.

>Scully shook her head solemnly, "no Mulder, I'm sorry.
I wish I
did."
>
Sarah leaned forward, pulling a small black bag from behind her.

>The bag looked like the kind young girls
wore on that backs, like
a backpack. She unzipped it,
>pulling out two sandwiches stuffed in a plastic bag.

>"I made these before I had left home. They're still
fresh, I
brought them with me on the flight. Here,
>take them," Sarah offered, handing one sandwich
to Scully and one
to Mulder.
>
"Sarah," Scully began, half in shock and half in
>pure joy, "are you sure..?"

>Sarah didn't answer, just smiled and nodded her head.

>They dug into the sandwiches, enjoying the sweet
taste of food
after the absence of it for so long.
>Even if it was just sandwiches, it was food and they
were
grateful.
>
Finishing off the last bite, Scully wiped her mouth
>with the back of her hand.

>Suddenly since they were now crushed together
neither Scully nor
Mulder felt much of the chill of the frosty a
>air. Scully noted that Sarah was acting almost like a
human
heater, providing a little of much needed warmth.
>
The sun had long ago set and darkness take its place.
>Scully idly wondered if a sunrise would soon be upon them.
She
had long ago lost all track of time.
>
She couldn't help but wonder as well if the dominating dark

>clouds would soon part and let way to the shining rays of a
new
dawn sun.
>
She turned her attention to the two sleeping forms
>beside her. They had fallen asleep moments before
and Scully had
taken up in silent agreement that it would be
>she who would stay awake in case rescue were to come.

>Taking an educated guess she concluded it was
probably somewhere
around 5 a.m. and hoped the sun would
>be up soon. Rescue would not begin to search until
the storm let
up and sun shine through.
>
The conditions right now were too rough for any aircraft
>to fly through safely. No rescue choppers would even
contemplate
searching at the moment under these conditions.
>
"Scully?" Mulder's sleep filled voice snapped her from her

>silent thoughts..

>"Yes Mulder?"

>"I-I have something to tell you."
>"What is it Mulder?" Scully now had every ounce of her attention focused on Mulder.
>
>"If I die today, I'm glad it's beside you."
>
>'Oh god,' her mind reeled.
>
>"Mulder. Listen to me," she cupped both of her hands
>on his face, craning it until his eyes met hers.
>"You are NOT going to die Mulder. You hear me? You're going to be
>fine. We all are."
>
>Mulder just nodded as he began to drift back to sleep.

>
>They would get out of here, she promised herself. They would get
>out and they would do it alive. With that thought fresh in her mind,
>she let herself slip into the waiting arms of sleep.

>
>Hours passed as the three slept silently, huddled under
>the blankets. Mulder was the first to awaken to the bright
>shining sun and was happy to note that the dark black clouds
>of the storm had passed and now bright shining rays of sunlight
>filled its place.
>
>He allowed his eyes to sweep over Sarah who had fallen
>asleep sometime during the night. He turned his gaze onto his
>sleeping partner, a small smile gracing his lips as he allowed
>himself the rare luxury of watching her sleep.
>He watched her for a few moments more until the call of nature began
>to scream, loud and clear. He untangled himself from the
>blankets and
>slowly stood up on his aching knees. He leaned against a near-by
>tree, using it for support to stand.
>
>Somewhere during the night his legs had fallen asleep and were
>now
>completely numb. Slowly, still using the tree for support, he began
>to shake his left leg trying to wake it up. After a minute or so
>he did the same with the right.

>When he was sure his legs were stable enough to walk
on he began to make his way into the wood area behind them.
>He looked over his shoulder just to make sure Scully and Sarah
>were still in his view.
>
>After relieving himself he tried to use his good hand to zip up
>his pants, no easy task. Going through the act of congress he
>finally got them zipped up and began to make his way back to
>Scully.
>
>His arm ached and he felt every throb of the pain, as it coursed
>to the top of his upper arm and into his shoulder.
>Arriving back to the area he noticed Scully and Sarah had already
>awakened and were in the middle of some small talk. They
>stopped talking when they noticed Mulder had returned and was
>standing behind them behind them.
>
>"Hey girls, finally up?"
>
>"Yeah. Where did you go?" Scully questioned, as she began to stand,
>stretching her legs. Mulder lightly grabbed her arm to help
>steady her. After a moment she gave a nod and he reluctantly

>let go of her arm.
>"I went to answer nature's call," he answered.
>"Ah, well I'll be right back, I have to go do that myself."

>Mulder nodded as he watched Scully walk the same path he had
just taken. Averting his attention, he looked down
>at Sarah who was still wiping sleep from her eyes.
>"Sleep well?" He asked, settling down beside her.

>"Surprisingly, yeah I did. A hard dirt ground doesn't
make the best bed but it wasn't that bad," Sarah answered, "how's
>your arm?"
>"My arm is fine. A little sore but I think it'll go back to being

as good as new in no time."
>
Sarah nodded and swept her eyes out over the mountains. Mulder
>did the same, both staying silent as they observed.
>When Scully returned minutes later, Sarah took her turn and
made her way into the woods.
>
"Sweet girl," Scully stated.
>
"Yeah, she really is. I noticed she had the same big
>brown eyes Samantha did."
>"Blond hair," Scully said, "she had blond hair just
like Emily."
>
Mulder noted the flash of sorrow that swept across Scully's
>eyes at the mention of Emily's name. As soon as it came
though,
it was gone as her sky blue eyes sparkled in the sun.
>
"Did you know," she added, "that blond hair and brown eyes is a
>rare combination? You don't see it very much."
>Their conversation ended as the crunching of leaves signaled
the return of Sarah.
>
When Sarah suddenly stopped Mulder and Scully turned around,
>throwing her a questioning look.
>"Listen," Sarah stated, "do you hear it?"
>"Yea...It sounds like...it is! It's a helicopter!"
>Turning around to Sarah, Scully noticed that the young girl
was
no longer present.
>
"Mulder, where did Sarah go?"
>
Mulder turned around to look, stating that he hadn't seen her
>walk off.
>The sound of the chopper became intense as it hovered
over the area, making Mulder and Scully shield their eyes against
>the flying dirt and debris.
>The chopper lowered itself about 30 feet from them, in a

clearing barely wide enough to make the landing.
>
Once the engine was shut down, a rescue crew of six began
>to exit and one by one began walk their way down to the
crash site.
>
Another fleet of rescue choppers could be heard in the distance,
>the sound becoming louder as they drew closer to the area.

>Mulder and Scully began trudging in their direction.
>"We're Agents Mulder and Scully with the FBI." Scully

stated,
pulling out her badge and flashing it to one of the crew members.

>
"FBI?" The man started, clearly confused, "I don't remember

>anyone calling out the FBI for this."

>"You didn't," Mulder stated, "we were actually on this flight.
We've been stranded out here since the crash."

>
"You're the only survivors?" The crewman asked, waving down another

>member of the rescue team.

>"No, actually we aren't," Scully began, "there was a little girl
who survived as well, but right before you got here she disappeared.

>She must've walked off into the woods, but I have no idea as to
why."

>
"Ok, well my name is Jeff and this is Daniel," he introduced the

>other young man, who had walked up moments before. "Explain to him
the description of the girl and we'll see if we can locate her."

>
As Jeff walked off Daniel turned and looked in bewilderment at the

>two agents.

>"You both slept out here last night?" Mulder nodded.

>"You two," he started, "my god...it was 6 degrees last night with
near blizzard conditions. I'm trying to figure out how you two are

>even standing here talking to me right now."

>"Well the fact remains that we are." Mulder stated.

>"It's a miracle," Daniel muttered. "Ok," he started, getting back to
the original topic, "tell me everything you can about the girl.

>Name, age, description. Anything you can remember."

>Scully stated Sarah's name and age and explained that today was the
girl's birthday. She went on to describe Sarah explaining that she

>had medium length blond hair and brown eyes.

>Mulder also mentioned that she stood about 5'4" and was wearing a
white shirt and jeans.

>
"Ok we're going to set a search for her through the evening and

>we'll see if we can locate her. In the meantime the rest of the crew
is going to search here."

>
Daniel looked down at Mulder's arm, noting for the first time that he

>was sporting an injury.

>"And it looks like you'll need some medical assistance as well."

He said, nodding down at Mulder's broken arm.

>
"Another search and rescue chopper should be here soon and they'll

>transport you to the local hospital."

>After getting the information, a search was indeed put out
for Sarah. By evening time they had three different sets of search

>and rescue teams covering the woods and surrounding area.

>Other crew were given the task of pulling the dead from the crash,
one by one and lining them up along side the plane.

>
Body bags were brought in and eventually all passengers of flight
>1007 were tempoarilaly laid to rest in them. From there they were

carried off to their final destination.
>
Daniel had given the description of Sarah to the search and rescue
>members, explaining that he would stay behind at the site.

>Now, two hours later, Daniel stood in the interior of the plane,
watching as bodies were gathered. He wondered how something could
>go so wrong in such an instant, taking the lives of so many

unsuspecting innocent people.
>
"We having a matching description!" Daniel spun around, making his
>way to the front of the plane.

>"Matching description to who?" Daniel asked, staring intently at

the young crew member who stood before him.
>
"The young missing girl. We found her this way."
>
As Daniel followed, the young man began explaining.

>
"White sweat shirt and jeans. She has long blond hair and
>approximately around the age of 15. We found her dead, still

strapped in to her seat. She must've died on impact of the
crash."
>
Daniel dead stopped in his tracks, the young man must've sense
>it as he turned around, facing Daniel.

>"No," Daniel started, "that can't be right. The girl we're looking

for was alive just hours ago. She has supposedly run off into the
woods. We're looking for a missing child not a dead body!"

>"Sir, the girl matches the description. Maybe it was a mistake.

Come look for yourself."
>
Daniel followed the man to a seating area on the left side of the
aisle, about halfway up the plane. Stopping, the man nodded his

head to the seat near the window. A young girl laid dead, still
>strapped in the seat belt of the plane.

>Daniel began to make his way out of the plane, completely

dumb-founded. Once outside he looked around, trying to locate
Mulder and Scully. He questioned another crew member who reported

they had walked around towards the rear of the plane to look
around.
>Daniel slowly made his way over, wondering if the deceased body in

the plane was the missing girl they were searching so boldly for.

>
Sure enough, as he made his around to the rear of the plane,
there
>were Mulder and Scully, standing side by side discussing something.

They stopped talking and turned around upon sensing another's
>presence behind them.

>Taking a deep breath, Daniel began to explain that he believed they

had discovered the young girl but there was only one catch.
"She's

>dead and it appears she died upon impact of the crash."

>"That's impossible!" Scully stated.

>"Look, I don't think it's her either, but you two are the only

ones here who can correctly identify if it is her. So I'll lead

>you to the body and let you see for yourself."

>The three made their way back to the plane and walked down the

aisle until they reached the section where the young girl was

>located.

>In that given moment time turned fluid and Scully could've

sworn the earth stopped turning on its axis along with the

beating

>of her heart.

>"Oh my god...this is not possible," Scully stared wide-eyed at

Sarah's dead body.

>
"So it is her," Daniel asked, being more of a statement than a

>question.

>Scully nodded mutely, craning her head to look at Mulder. He

stood
frozen to the spot, his eyes fixed unbelieving on Sarah.

>
It appeared that she was sitting in the exact same seat she was

>before the plane crashed. Before her life unexpectedly halted to

an end.

>
Without another word the agents exited the plane, to leaving the

>shocked rescue member standing among the ruins.

>Once out of hearing distance from the others, Scully started in her

tirade.

>
"Mulder that young girl in there is someone else. There's no

>logical way that the person in that plane can be Sarah."

>Mulder nodded, casting his eyes to the ground, "Scully, I

can't
explain it either. But the person in there is Sarah's age,

wearing

>the exact same clothes and sitting in the exact same seat she was

before the plane crash."

>
"Mulder she was alive just this morning! She stayed with us last

>night and from what I could tell she was alive and healthy as

they come. There's no way she could've died upon impact on the

>crash."

>"There is one possible explanation," Mulder stated.

>Upon Scully's questioning look, he went on to explain. "Scully

think back to what Daniel said. He explained that it was 6

>degree's last night with damn near blizzard conditions. We were

stuck out here with two blankets and hardly any protective

covering."

>
"Where are you getting at Mulder?"

>
"I'm saying that it was pure luck that we came across Sarah. And

>unharmed after a plane crash at that. What if Sarah was an angel

or some kind of protective spirit of the girl that's now laying

dead

>in that plane."

>"So you're saying that Sarah was dead all along and that her
sprit
was out here last night with us, protecting us?"

>
Mulder nodded, "It's the only explanation I can think of and the
more
>you think about it the more it makes sense."

>Scully began to think back to the night before.

>*Sarah's hands, which had managed to stay warm, even in the winter

night air*
>
Turning down the drink of water Scully offered her

>
*Somehow coming up with two sandwiches and refused the offer to
share them with her*

>*The burst of warmth that surged through her when Sarah leaned up

against her*
>
A sudden chill ran down her spine. The beliefs in her faith
could
>not help the feeling of shock that exploded within her.

>Looking up to the sky, Scully sent up a silent thank you to the

guardian angel that would forever hold a place in her heart.

>
The End.
>
Author's Notes: The young girl Sarah is named after my best
friend. This story took 5 loooonnggg months to finally finish and

don't ask where the idea came from. The plane number 1007 comes
from where one of my other best friends work. Tiger Country 100.7.

Get it now? Good. As far as the moutain range where they crashed.

>Yup it really exsist and is actually quite beautiful and no I've

never been on a plane before. And lastly, the title
>"Acima Das Estrelas" translates in Portuguese to "Above The Stars".

Oh and SEND ME FEEDBACK!!! Puuuuhhlease!! It'll really make my
day!
>
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